



POSIT

Adam  
Fieled

# **POSIT**

Adam Fieled

Dusie Press  
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## **Posit**

I want  
but that's  
nothing new.

I posit  
no boundary  
between us.

I say you,  
I know you,  
I think so.

I know  
what world  
is worldly.

I know  
how death  
stays alive.

I never  
enter third  
person places.

I could  
go on  
forever.

## **Come to the Point**

I am that I  
that stations metaphor  
    on a boat to  
be carried across.  
that makes little  
    songs on banisters,  
which are slipped down.  
that slips down  
    antique devices,  
china cutlery & white.  
I am coming to  
    the point. I am  
come to the point.  
I am that I.

## Day Song

& this reflexivity, right now: how it bounds.  
how we are the sum total of our limitations. we  
catch glimpses. what's in the catching. what's  
beyond, behind, between: purple fear. bodies  
randomly chosen, for different reasons. dreams  
of form. charades. too bad, but always the  
knowledge, if we are lucky, of scattered  
constellations in the world. chewable.  
fragments. progress. only in patches. must. do.

## Illinois Sky

One could sink upwards into  
it, lose brown earthy stains.  
Conglomerated air-pockets,

tucked into figments, wide  
enough to lend temporality  
sense, day's square progress.

This I don't know about, this  
feeling, expanse contracted,  
sex impulse etherealized, I

can't see this w former eyes.

It is, after all, a doorstep,  
just me entering me again—

cream purse, vulval sheen.

## Lars Palm Dream

I was skulking in  
a dorm room with  
Lars Palm, who  
was chucking  
lobsters. A yellow

globule tried to  
get our goat; a wall  
started talking.  
Lars was furious.  
Some girls were

involved with us,  
as junk piled up.  
Lars threw a  
lobster at the  
yellow globule,

roaring. It was  
a pivotal moment—  
bare walls. Rubbish  
heap. Fucked  
globules. We left.



## **Eyeballs**

They sent a maid  
to clean Jocasta's

chamber, a stout  
ex-maenad, still

full of wine. She  
happened upon

the two eyeballs  
of Oedipus, doused

with blood, beneath  
Jocasta's dangling

feet. They were  
smooth, tender

as grapes. She  
pocketed them.

They became play-  
things for her cats.

Perhaps there is  
use for everything,

she thought, raising  
a glass to her lips;

and if I am a thief,  
who will accuse me?

## Rowdy Dream

I was slumming @  
Andrew Lundwall's.  
There was a demented  
cook called Seana  
w/ tortured ringlets.

There was a cooking  
issue, a food problem.  
I ate something.  
I stayed on the fifth  
floor, away from

rowdies on floors  
two & three. My  
Mom broke in,  
spoke of better  
food, more rowdies.

I wanted to be  
more rowdy, left  
floor five. Seana  
spoke gibberish to  
me in the kitchen.

I wasn't happy or  
unhappy; I was in  
the middle. All this  
time Andrew Lundwall  
sat on a throne on

floor one. I was  
making my way  
down there when  
I awoke— no food.  
I became rowdy.

**To Bill Allegranza, after reading In the Weaver's Valley**

"I" must climb up  
from a whirlpool  
swirling down,  
but sans belief  
in signification.

"I" must say I  
w/out knowing  
how or why  
this can happen  
in language.

"I" must believe  
in my own  
existence,  
droplets stopping  
my mouth—

alone, derelict,  
"I" must come back,  
again, again,  
'til this emptiness  
is known, & shown.

## **Waiting for Dawn Ananda at Dirty Frank's**

in the syntax of  
my vodka-tonic,  
& in the neon  
& smoke-rings  
kisses hang  
before breezes

## Le Chat Noir

I pressed a frozen face  
forward into an alley off  
of Cedar St., herb blowing  
bubbles (am I too high?) in

melting head I walked &  
it was freezing & I walked  
freezing into pitch (where's  
the) blackness around a

cat leapt out & I almost  
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## **Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January '07**

You don't mean it, do you? You  
don't know that the blue around  
yr pupils is sky in a vice, that your  
fingers are too complicated.

Nothing shows you that shadows  
over yr neck do not account for  
over-delicacy, that shoulders  
simply squared reveal damaged

breast-matter. You smoke, not  
knowing. You take a drag, too  
picture-esque. Your pose is a  
pose, your cheekbones simply ash.



## **10:15 Saturday Night**

then like how bout we give this  
thing a chance or at least not bury it  
beneath a dense layer of this could  
be anyone, we could be anyone,  
anyone could be doing this, just  
another routine, another way of  
saying hello, & goodbye just

around the corner like a dull  
dawn layered thick in creamy  
clouds, ejaculations spent

## Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was dead  
on a bed on a screen in front  
of me. She lay, obscure head  
in darkness. I touched

the screen— it grew red.  
I touched her head on the screen  
& she was alive again,  
& blonde. I retreated

from the screen, hearing her  
breathing. I felt as if I'd just  
performed an exorcism—  
this was holy water. I shook

through the time it took.

## Dracula's Bride

I married into blood &  
broken necks, endless  
anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,  
hunger fills me. I like  
vampire hours (no

sleep), a blood-vessel  
pay-check, diabolical  
companionship, tag-team

seductions, guileless  
maidens about to  
be drunk.

We know what sweetness  
is in starvation. We've  
found, satiety

is death's approval stamp.  
If you crave, there is  
room left in you. If

you want, you are a  
work-in-progress—  
being finished is

a cadaver's province.

Better to suck  
whatever comes.

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“10:15 Saturday Night” first appeared in *Dead Horse Review* (2006).

“Day Song” first appeared in *nth position* (2006).

“Eyeballs” first appeared in *Stoning the Devil* (2007).

\* a dusi/e-chap  
[www.dusie.org](http://www.dusie.org)



D U S I E



# The Posit Trilogy

Adam Fieled

*Argotist Ebooks*

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Argotist Ebooks



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I. Posit

Posit

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    on a boat to  
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To Bill Allegrezza, after reading *In the Weaver's Valley*

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Girl with a Cigarette, Modern Painters cover, January '07

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then like how bout we give this  
thing a chance or at least not bury it  
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another routine, another way of  
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around the corner like a dull  
dawn layered thick in creamy  
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Jessica Smith Dream

Jessica Smith was dead  
on a bed on a screen in front  
of me. She lay, obscure head  
in darkness. I touched

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through the time it took.

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I married into blood &  
    broken necks,  
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anemic privation, but

no regret. You see,  
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sleep), a blood-vessel  
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We know what sweetness  
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is death's approval stamp.  
If you crave, there is  
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you want, you are a  
    work-in-progress—  
        being finished is

a cadaver's province.  
Better to suck  
    whatever comes.



## II. Deposit

Deposit

To build  
an I  
is to see it

rust, stripped  
down into  
pluralities,

so that I  
write against  
my own

evanescence—  
dissolutions which  
don't allow

palimpsests—  
trees sans  
bark, molting

of interiors—  
now, time  
future can

only reverse  
currents, enact  
withdrawal of

the phallus from  
fun, friction. To  
build an I

is to decoy  
it underground,  
after fashions.

## The Point, Made

Seeds left, softening, somnolence,  
sleep in/beneath a patina of silt,  
salt waves heave above— slow,  
life lived in burrowing downwards—  
de-centered into diaspora, a sense  
(subtly, oil-slicked) of knowing how  
self has/maintains few points of  
coherence along the myriad veins of  
interior time— interiors sans cohesion,  
diabolical densities against coherence,  
beneath vertical turtles bound to their shells—  
dropped seeds crawl all the way down as they will.

## Night Song

& what goes out, remains out.  
diminution determines. expanses  
opened by destruction. contractions  
towards sight-birth. a going-off in all  
directions. gloriously center-free.  
aligned with arbitrary, arbitrations.  
moments to air-puncture. aggressive  
pursuit of time past.  
to strip back as bark. roots just left  
as roots in the ground. immobile  
as pure objects, taking off subjects  
ad infinitum.  
the rhythm— no one cosmos listens. remains composed.

## Manayunk Sky

Facades on Main Street have a lift  
towards it, but the Manayunk sky  
isn't there, a mirage, a conglomeration

of spent wishes for a better human future  
which can never be lived in the blackened  
glare of well-trodden pavement. Its

expanse argues loudly for the subaltern  
and its accessibility, a superior up  
is down, a superior blue is black,

a superior open is packed tight  
into a closed linearity, night's deep  
recess. Now, I take the trouble

to interrogate pavement, which  
can only deny truths of not-surface, hotly.

To Augustine, after reading his "Confessions"

If you really did find  
something or someone  
immutable, freed from  
torturous progress, I  
can't say I don't believe—

If you came to rest  
apart from the unworkable  
aligned profoundly with  
profundity's alignment,  
congrats from a still point—

If I seem cynical,  
catching your desperation  
as tides confounded you,  
I at least know your death,  
its heft, text, all plumbed

by me, or someone else.

Waiting for Dawn Ananda at the Bean Café

To have to play a hand

(shall I ever get a hand in?)

poker gives you five fingers—

yet I catch in the South St. air

ten fingers or a spider's eight legs,

immobilized behind a dense space—

10:30 Saturday Night

You see it (the word) all over the old  
stuff, "satiety," never think what it  
means until you get it via her, the entire  
package, and it still can't mean much  
because she's a repository for bad  
vibes, evil impulses, like ghosts of  
old movies, and in her mind it's  
always a scene for her to play,  
especially now that the deed is  
done, against the grain, not a sin

merely a circumstance, but heroism  
which could be (telling the truth  
now the truth's against me) is  
subsumed by the anonymity of  
sports bras not decoyed in darkness—



## Decoy Dream

You were one of the twelve  
of you doing what you were  
doing; promised a part in  
a Communist parade, a five  
year contract to be who you  
were against eleven imposters—  
I saw you on South St. on  
my thirty-sixth birthday,  
you had pigtails, and as you  
lied to the barrista about  
working at Condom Kingdom  
(for seven years), I remembered  
Loren Hunt limp on the floor of  
Gleaner's bathroom on mescaline—

## Decoy Dream II

I was sitting outside Westminster  
Arch smoking a butt in the February  
chill, when you passed me (you can't

see in movies how your ears stick out,  
how tall you are, or that the jet-black  
mop on your head is cut short), stood

in the doorway with something wistful  
in your posture, as if I'd killed you,  
buried the chance that your endless

decoy vigil could end; in other words,  
I was putting you down. In truth, I was.

## Absinthe

Situations which, to see properly, you  
might want to imagine a floating  
sensation (as though you'd hit the ceiling)—

they've closed the Eris Temple on 52<sup>nd</sup>  
and Cedar; if there were (as has been  
suggested) corpses beneath the floor-

boards I didn't see them, nor did I notice  
the imposed regime change five years ago  
and, yes, I would've cared, but then I

re-register, this is Philly, heavy on inversions  
and abasements, situations you can  
& cannot float over, and the syrup poured

over your efforts takes back what it gives,  
towards justice, balance, deathly intoxication—

## Orpheus

Why maenads  
torment Orpheus

is that his songs  
need to be sung

to attentive audiences,  
not little rapists—

he's always on  
the run these days,

maenads hunt him  
down, unwind his

parts, so that he's  
too loose, a ball

of rubber, who  
can't front, body

public, seed  
so much in

the street that he's  
more urchin

than artist,  
they dice up his

babies, it's a never  
ending cycle, yet

he keeps his  
lyre in tune,

because (he thinks)  
who knows, he's

learned not to look  
back, and crooks

don't rattle him anymore—

To Courtney (Double Entendre)

yes, the family wanted me dead,  
not you, but I killed you off nonetheless,  
just as the Asians predicted  
(Dragon born in a snow-storm),

& the picture remains filed  
away, as do your years of  
rowdiness, the child that you  
were, & killed, leaving  
“double entendre” in my

hands, driving my cart/plough  
over dead bones, knowing

our marriage of heaven & hell—

## Dracula

Few know: Augustine and I  
had a life as twins,  
we each dealt with

temporal successiveness,  
he had his way, I mine—  
I forever remain closer

to the immutable than he—  
a clod of earth, weaned  
on the richness of blood,

which makes me more  
subterranean than you can  
even see, a gliding,

velvet-suave underground,  
confessing nothing,  
finding “sin” fraudulent

in circumstance, a multi-tiered  
universe as scabrous  
at the top as at the bottom—

my rhetoric aims, still, at  
Augustine, for he (also) is  
immense, and has his

immensity against me  
somewhere secret, private,  
his dark Carpathians,

inaccessible to a mere clod,  
a covetous one.

### III. Re-Posit

## Re-Posit

What becomes  
of an I  
posited

in a holocaust?  
You are  
against what is—

you linger  
on what is  
from inside

a cul-de-sac,  
held up  
only by yourself,

in rigors,  
overwhelming,  
past returns.

Now I,  
immobilized,  
saunter

as interiors  
remake themselves,  
scaffolding

put up  
of whatever  
solidity

inheres,  
only in here.



## The Point, Beyond

So much space inheres, so much  
withdraws from what space opens,  
light from blue-tinted suns & skies,  
so that leaks of seed may only be  
caught when one's back is squarely  
turned, towards more maintenance. As  
circuits express boundaries, what "I"  
inheres has a sense of endless reign,  
half-accepted, half-rebelled against, but  
mobile seeds & selves past horizon, gone.  
Crosses drop— barbed wire ambience,  
seeds of fathomless lows, brilliant clarities.

## Midnight Song

& thus, moonlight on leaves. visions  
contract. breath decoys possibility, but  
midnight witches. to grasp for the moon.  
receptivity stretches its limits. droplets of  
blood: farce/face. shelled creatures lurch  
from bodies of water. portents position  
themselves. sheathed in blue again, as  
intermittent presence. what clear facades  
against the darkness— pane beyond  
pain. bricks arrayed, cut by lines— all  
progress just arrangements of cloud.  
firmaments un-reflected.

## Main Line Sky

Clouds conglomerate against notions of  
isolation, dispersal into atoms; sovereign  
against human contingencies, which neglect

the arbitrary's ultimate importance in composing  
form and then function; streaks of sun, floating  
segments, as morning dissipates potentialities

in and out of glass doors, opaque to how  
all might coalesce past the imposition of  
will. Our distinctions, exposed in this fashion,

are tenuous, gambits sans grace; moods  
made jagged as we are watched & never alone  
from processes pulsing above/beneath us,

so much funneled into sky's antithesis.

To Joseph Conrad, after reading "Heart of Darkness"

If the spirit of universal  
genius is meant to float  
down the river into naught,  
to be attenuated by the  
jealous against authenticity,

& if it turns quotidian life into an  
unworkable mess, as universal  
genius attempts to forge  
alliances above spheres which  
must be minded on Earth,

& if it expresses itself to the crass,  
the crass is everyone,  
& Kurtz understands  
the parasitism involved,  
saturation in/by malevolence,

then I'm down the river, up  
forever—

Waiting for Dawn Ananda @ Volo Coffeehouse

As you may never show as  
you once shown, they have  
a likeness of you serving coffee,  
who bares her navel against  
your sovereign grande dame  
status, but she's contrived as  
this \$8 sandwich I can't afford—

## Tranny Dream

I find myself in bed with a woman  
with a man's crotch, & find this  
unacceptable, & so excuse myself  
into an autumn evening in North  
Philadelphia, looking for a train  
station, finding more nudie bars.  
I get trapped in an enclosed space  
with a stripper, done with her work  
for the night, who counsels me  
against taking the train home, that  
I can sleep with her backstage at  
her bar. I push past, into the night  
again, & am assailed on all sides.

## Midnight Saturday Night

You said (it was a way of saying),  
pray you touch my parts in such a  
way that you don't damage them, but  
of course I can't touch your parts  
except to damage them when the times  
are so forbidding that to have parts  
not backed by gold is to have no parts  
at all, & it can't be crisp as it was,  
fresh as it was, ripe as it was, as  
your cauldron is full of grease, against

holding on to anything but allergies,  
& I am allergic to the idea of doing this  
if a new cauldron cannot be forged, &  
you're (& I'm) a fox walking on ice in a  
blasted landscape, & at midnight we  
crash into this together—

## Murder Dream

There was a concert somewhere, I was there with a college friend who wound up betraying me, & I murdered the son of a bitch with a shot-gun; they told me I could get off scot-free if it was only one murder, & as I sat in the balcony trying not to notice a show of cadavers onstage I angled my behaviors so as not to offend them.

Next shot: I saw the dead man's life pass in sequence before me, & he was bound by a five-year contract to die shortly anyway, which is probably why they let me off, even as cadavers played invisible instruments in arid air—



## Eris Temple

That night I got raped by a brunette  
chanteuse, I lay on the linoleum floor  
of the front room sans blanket, & thought

I could hack it among the raw subalterns  
of the Eris Temple, who could never  
include me in their ranks, owing to my

posh education; outside, on Cedar Street,  
October gave a last breath of heat before  
the homeless had to hit rock bottom again,

& as Natalie lay next to me I calculated  
my chances of surviving at the dive bar  
directly across from the Temple for

the length of a Jack & Coke, North Philly  
concrete mixed into it like so many notes—

## Orpheus II

If Orpheus is  
forced to sing

in abject solitude,  
nothing changes—

his lyre retains  
its form/function,

vocal nodes sound  
identical proportions—

the song leaves  
into distant lands

& reaches,  
echoes among  
strangers

he'd like to love, but  
for now he only

hears his own  
echoes, & haunts

his own dreams  
of an Over-World,

inverse-plutonian  
around authentic

intensities, & clarities  
searched for are found,

as though they're there—

You can't tell me  
you don't feed on  
the mysterious disappearance

of the need to do this—  
that raw life & blood  
would suffice to

satisfy, & gird you  
against the grinding  
towards sphere-music

you fancy you make.  
I've lived a thousand  
years among human

souls, all in need of  
blood, little else, and  
words are no blood

at all— what suffices  
for such as you is  
(as you say) a

simulacrum of blood,  
with limited flow-  
potential, & as such

I counsel you (if  
you ask) to feed on  
something more wholesome—

don't scoff— wholesome  
is not relative  
for the human species,

& your words are dirt,  
feeding no one directly,  
& those who feed are

suspect, chilled by  
exposure to terminal  
frosts, unable to bite

what might suffice in the end...

## Acknowledgments

fourW (Anthology)— “Manayunk Sky”

Nth Position— “Day Song”

Otoliths— “Dracula on Literature,” “The Point, Beyond,” “To Augustine,” “Tranny Dream” Skicka— “Andrew Lundwall Dream,” “Lars Palm Dream”

Stoning the Devil— “Eyeballs”

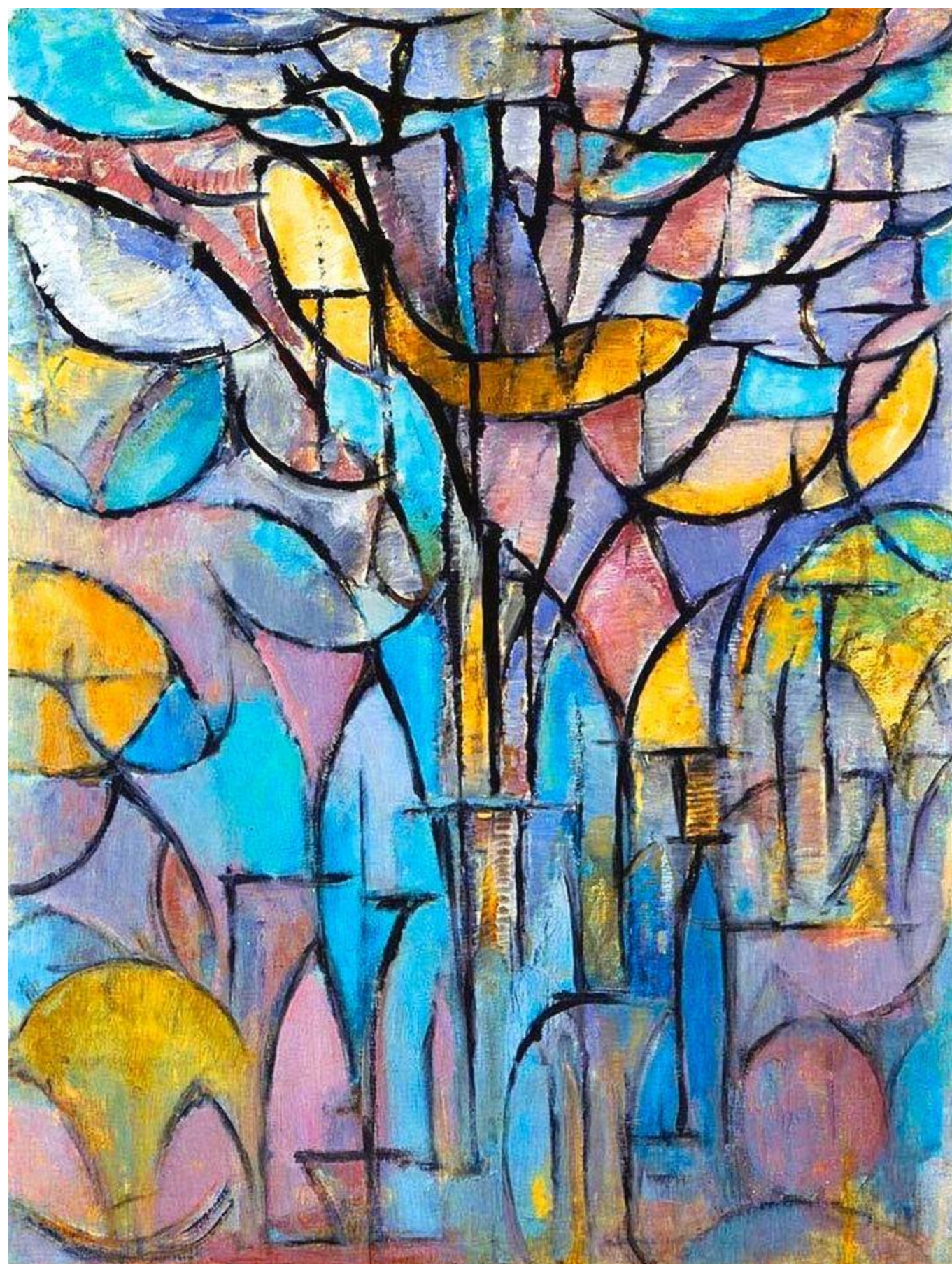
**wood s lot**— “To Augustine”

The first portion of The Posit Trilogy, Posit, was released as a Dusie chap in 2007.

## About the Author

Adam Fieled is a poet based in Philadelphia. His books include *Posit* (Dusie Press, 2007), *Beams* (Blazevox, 2007), *Opera Bufo* (Otoliths, 2007), *When You Bit...* (Otoliths, 2008), *Apparition Poems* (Blazevox, 2010), *Mother Earth* (Argotist Ebooks, 2011), *Cheltenham* (Blazevox, 2012), and *Cheltenham Elegies/Keats' Oda Cycle* (Gyan Books, 2015). A magna cum laude graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, he also holds an MFA from New England College and an MA from Temple University.





# **Volo**

## **Adam Fieled**

Cover image by Piet Mondrian

*Trees*, 1912

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## **Volo**

When I  
is incidental,  
I remains

everywhere  
inscribed.  
I inscribes

what I am,  
against  
evanescence,

inscribes  
in granite,  
past incident.

I am  
warps,  
un-smoothed

granite  
in books,  
I write.

Texts  
wreck  
into place,

texts  
warp  
into worlds,

I am  
is text,  
blessed.

## Presences

Presences behind presence,  
    what I half-mean,  
totality beyond me,  
    what I dig into,  
how it might be reached,  
    what possibility really is  
here, in this, where I am—

here, in this, where I am  
    if possibility really thins  
how it can't be breached,  
    what it digs into,  
totalities reached only  
as they half-mean,  
presences unwind presence—

## January Song

Reflexivity as a form of January—  
cold crests of new waves. Crests, branches.  
Ensigns speak, desultory to gone birds.  
Words squirm. What's left, in the end—  
back to a grasped beginning. January  
birds scattered. Signifiers lined in careful  
rows, against the intrusion of winter's  
eminence. Splintered limbs. Wind's glimpse  
into erosion, decay, deterioration— flexibility settles.

## Plymouth Meeting Sky

Sudden swing, head angled up,  
    into stasis, walled gardens of air,  
a kind of text, past deciphering

our texts— everyone reads it but us,  
    entrusted armies of air enforcers,  
fluent past the influence of darkness,

or dark earth. Sky's coitus with open  
    fields, betrays forming fertility,  
to human consciousness completely desolated.

I have nothing against this, but  
    memories hung on private air  
gardens, moments when I stood, deciphering,

as my own ensign to me, & others, dissolute—

## Mall Dream

I walked in  
a mall that was  
a bungalow, into  
stores w. posters,  
jugglers & acrobats.

You wanted to  
dress me up in ribbons,  
sex as dressing up,  
how petite I could be  
in your womanly

array. Critters crept  
on toasted floors. All  
owing to your life's  
runway, dissolutions  
into appearances.

Eaten by the mall,  
& you, I sashayed  
towards realizations  
of archival mirage,  
& montage, like Jesus.

## Medea

If Jason cheats  
on Medea, as Medea

might say, attempt  
to understand the process

by which Medea  
inverts Jason's intentions,

misunderstands his words,  
repulses his advances.

Attendant on Jason  
& Medea, the usual suspects

(mimes, courtiers, other  
gossips), know that what

got forgotten— Jason  
expresses saintly charity

to the city orphans,  
sets up trust funds

for cultural types,  
creates vaunted libraries—

why no one remembers  
anything but the stupid

bitch (as the crass might  
Say), w. the archetypal mouth—

it opens, myth's out. Why, & how.

## Less Than Wholesome Dream

I worked, again, at  
a bookstore on the  
Square, it's just that  
sections of the store  
kept disappearing, as

I ran from floor to  
floor attempting to  
tally what holdings  
were still had, I was  
then forced to work

the register, yet the  
game was against  
customers doing any  
thing but pelting us  
w. snowballs, from

an eternal winter,  
which had overtaken  
Philly, so I snuck back  
up to floor three, which  
was spared the ice,

& where there was  
no snow issue, until  
they declared my  
behavior apostasy to  
the store's interests,

& back on the register  
the entire store was  
declared a penal colony,  
& I realized you can't  
write things on my skin, right?

**To Jacques Derrida, after reading Writing and Difference**

Green as a shamrock,  
the constitutive subject  
spots the statement, how “I”  
must disappear so as  
to mention what’s wrong

with figuration. Irish blood  
melds the mélange into  
a gag, perverse against  
sincerity, which it only half-  
is, as the Irishman half-

knows. The Jew tears at  
flesh, cringes before the blank  
not-blank, writing— Irish  
blood takes the Jew, bloats him  
as archetype, borrows holiness—

it can happen, & is his.



## **Waiting for Nina and Katie at Uno's**

How the coffee

works sense

against cigar smoke,

is that swirled milk

takes the air,

makes a smokeless curve

## Noir

November rain in parking lot  
space, harangued by brick  
buildings, lost w/out a ride  
back to Fayette Street, God

dissolved into devilish nonsense,  
a cross hung above one of  
the doors of one of the buildings,  
adumbrating human truth—

you're either in or you're not, you  
either have a ride or don't,  
you either get saved or wasted,  
no one cares or knows but

you, no one's really there but  
you, no one's there, but they are, too—

## Kendall Jenner, Vogue cover, 2022

The pierce-through look— as  
    though her eyes are not only swords,  
    but blades guaranteed victory by superior  
stratagem, rooks bartered to kill queens—

make the pawns she thinks she crushes  
    barf out a lung, because they are only partially  
    crushed, as she attempts to take no  
prisoners, prisoners actually there mutiny—

what mates her mates have checked,  
    sit in various viper rooms, bishops get  
    flogged as usual, but the pieces on the board,  
clear as crystal, exonerate only white paint—

## 1:15 Saturday Night

shake me to wake me or however  
you might saturate obfuscate configurations  
on a God-forsaken board, you responsible for  
maintenance, back in Spain to check your  
blood for irony of pigmentation, reiteration  
of situation back, making a clack noise, to

Ireland, where shamrocks shake in tombs, tones,  
dulcet as time, eternity allows, which is  
pretty anti-dulcet for the version  
of middle of the God-damned, God-  
forsaken night, your flatted fifth in this flat—

## Becky Hilliker Dream

There was only a trace of  
you in a forest I was searching  
for rubies, emeralds, amethysts,  
as though amidst the ferns, pines,

I could find stones, but a path was  
opened before me, & in the mud  
where the path started was one  
ruby, not attached to a band, &

the ruby told me that the night  
we sat by the Contoocook, you  
bashful if semi-naked, others  
milling around, was caught some

where, ruby-like, in redness to come—

## Dracula's Gift

The vampire must suck  
    signification from signifiers  
    like other mortals,

yet long experience  
    (timelessness, immortality)  
    allows us to understand

what recurs in signification,  
    as all your kind would  
    never guess—

quirks, idiosyncrasies are  
    the name of the game,  
    over eternity, in

recurrence, not what you  
    deem solid or substantial,  
    & while we feed our

brains grasp your necks, too,  
    because what in  
    your texts was

good you can't know  
    (we're immortal, remember),  
    but we can,

we've seen you before,  
    again, again, & who  
    you are you cannot choose—

